

my dad, my family, and me. Without him, I wouldn't be where I am today.

The amazing thing is that I am not the sole person touched and transformed by his kindness. There are so many more. His generosity and kindness are an inspiration.

My thoughts and prayers are with his wife, Ardith, his four children, and nine grandchildren. I know that Howard's legacy will live on because his work touched so many across California and the Nation.

So on behalf of the people of California's 36th Congressional District; my wife, Monica; my girls, Sky and Sage; my mother, Blanca; my brother, Robbin; and my sister, Star, thank you, Mr. Marguleas. You will forever be in our hearts.

HONORING THE LIFE OF PHILLIP D. LEDFORD

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Arizona (Ms. MCSALLY) for 5 minutes.

Ms. MCSALLY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the life of Phillip D. Ledford, Navy veteran, dog lover, patriot, and husband to Helene, his wife of 41 years.

I was blessed to be Phil's next-door neighbor in Tucson for the last 20 years. Having lost my father at the age of 12, Phil became a father figure to me, and I loved him deeply.

Phil was born in Ohio and joined the Navy in 1963, at the age of 17, requiring his father to approve his enlistment. After 4 years serving as a boilerman and traveling the world, he transitioned to civilian life. After working in Ohio as a commercial refrigerator technician, Phil, Helene, and their beloved English Setter named Molley moved to Tucson.

Phil and his best friend and brother-in-law Mike would go on adventures in the desert and mountains, exploring old mines, gold prospecting, and hiking the beautiful landscapes of Arizona.

After Molley passed away, Phil and Helene couldn't imagine bringing another dog into their broken hearts for a while. Slowly, my Golden Retriever, Penelope, started to melt his heart, and soon they were spending their days together. Phil and Helene cared for Penelope when I was deployed to Afghanistan, then drove across the country to help me move when I got orders to Alabama. Phil came out to babysit Penelope and even drove her all the way back to Tucson to be at home for a while with Helene.

Phil volunteered to be a foster for the local Golden Retriever rescue organizations. He took this responsibility seriously, caring for many goldens coming out of difficult circumstances. One golden named Rudy had cancer, and Phil agreed to care for him until he passed. Rudy was deathly afraid of thunder, but Phil discovered that Rudy's fears were cured if he was riding in a car. So every time storms came, Phil would load Rudy up—even

borrowing Mike's van so that Rudy could enter more easily—and drive him around so he wasn't afraid during the storm, even if the storm lasted all night—no complaints and no questions asked.

When I returned home to Tucson, we cut a hole in the wall between the two houses, and we had doggy doors, food bowls, toys, and treats in both places. Penelope happily lived in both of her homes again, roaming freely. What a life. What love.

Phil was with me when Penelope passed in 2014. Within a few weeks, Phil's best friend Mike went to be with the Lord after battling Agent Orange-caused cancer for years. It was a rough spring for Phil, losing his best guy friend and furry friend so quickly.

Despite our grief, we soon welcomed a rescue golden named Boomer into our lives and hearts. Boomer was a 10-month-old, energetic handful, and Phil got to work with his training, coaching, and love.

Phil was a patriot, who loved his country, God, and valued a hard day's work. He was a skilled tradesman, who was always eager to pull out his tools and try to fix literally anything that broke in the house or car.

Those of us who knew him best and loved him called him our favorite curmudgeon. He was stubborn and opinionated but would literally give you the shirt off his back or the last dollar in his wallet.

He used to scold me on my lack of discipline with the dogs. Boomer would get rambunctious with me and not listen but was perfectly well behaved with Phil. I realized, finally, that Boomer saw me as a litter mate and Phil as the pet parent.

In November 2015, Phil was diagnosed with head and neck cancer. The last year and a half, he navigated an extremely difficult journey. He channeled his stubbornness towards his fight against cancer and refused to give up or get down. His deep character traits of selflessness, faith, love, courage, and humility were tested and purified on this walk. He was a hero and example to all of us in the face of extreme pain, suffering, adversity, and eventually the end of his physical life.

In mid-April, the cancer came back with a vengeance and rapidly spread. The pain was unbearable at times, and it was so difficult for us to watch him suffer.

Two weeks ago yesterday, he took a turn for the worse. I flew home from D.C. to be with him. After a long night, Helene, Boomer, and I were by his side, praying he would be willing to let go and be received into God's holy embrace. He was unconscious for over 24 hours, but in that prayer, he scrunched his eyes closed twice, took his last breath, and went to be with the Lord, finally free of all the suffering and fully restored.

We could all learn a lot from Phil Ledford. He did not live a complicated life and found pure joy in simple and

beautiful things: a walk with a beloved dog; exploring with his best friend Mike; watching football with his adored bride, Helene; tinkering with the furnace or his Jeep; a walk and casual dinner at our local favorite restaurant, Papa Locos; driving me to the airport or events with constituents; taking care of and protecting those whom he loved. He didn't seek glory, fame, or riches, but humanity, integrity, loyalty, and service.

Phil Ledford was a good man with a large heart and a selfless spirit. I truly could not have served in my calling in uniform and in Congress without his love and support. He directed us to not have a memorial service or funeral, but he never said anything about a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives. It is the least I could do to honor his impact on my life and all those blessed to know him and love him, human and furry. We love you and miss you, Phil. As the song says: "Go rest high on that mountain. Son, your work on Earth is done."

UNDERPAYMENT OF EMPLOYEES

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from California (Mr. KHANNA) for 5 minutes.

Mr. KHANNA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to express a simple principle: People who are working to bag groceries should not have to rely on government assistance, on nutrition assistance, to be able to buy groceries. Yet, across this country, there are thousands of workers who go and put in a full day's work yet can't afford the basic necessities of food and clothing.

And it is the taxpayers, all of us, that bear the responsibility for the underpayment by large corporations. A Berkeley study has said that this underpayment by large corporations, low wages, is costing the American taxpayers \$153 billion a year.

I am proud to introduce the Corporate Responsibility and Taxpayer Protection Act with nine other colleagues that would require companies to be responsible for the underpayment of their employees. The idea is simple: If people are putting in a hard day's work and a full week's work, they deserve wages that will allow them to be part of the middle class. Too often, what happens is corporations, even if they are paying a \$15 minimum wage, will adjust an employee's hours so that they don't get more take-home pay for the month.

What this bill will do is say that a corporation that isn't paying a fair wage, where employees are relying on government assistance, the corporation is responsible for that government assistance. It is not the taxpayers who should be paying for that; it is the corporations who should be held responsible for the underpayment of wages.

My hope is that none of the corporations will have to pay this tax. That they will do the right thing by working families in the middle class. That they